

Roxbury, Jan. 11, 1868.

My dear Henry: H. C. Wright

No delay shall take place before I reply to your letter just received.

I am gratified to hear that my reference to dear and estimable Thomas Jones and family gave them pleasure. I wish it were in my power to look in upon them from day to day.

If you have not already received the sad intelligence, you will be shocked to hear of the tragical death of our faithful, loving, noble friend John Lawson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Since 1858, he has been a member of the Town Council for the West Ward of All Saints. On the 9th of November last, he was unanimously elected to the office of Sheriff, in the discharge of the duties of which he was destined to lose his life. It occurred thus: Nine canisters of nitro-glycerine were found in the town without any claimant, and, for

the public safety, were removed by Mr. Mawson and some half dozen assistants to the town moor, where, in the attempt to empty and bury them, an explosion took place, (how or why is not known,) and three or four of the party were blown to atoms, and Mr. Mawson and Inspector Bryson dreadfully injured, so as to survive only a few hours. I enclose a printed slip, giving a few brief particulars of the awful event. The Newcastle Chronicle of the 19th ult. devotes eight columns in giving the details. Just before they expired, both Mr. Mawson and Mr. Bryson "were sensible, and able to answer the few questions put to them by the medical attendant." Nitro-glycerine is said to be thirteen times more powerful than gunpowder; and if the canisters had exploded in the town where they were discovered, Newcastle would have been shattered, and a great loss of life the result. It was at first feared that they were designed to be used by the Fenians; but they stand fully exonerated by subsequent investigation.

The Chronicle pays a merited tribute to the character and memory of our lamented friend. Newcastle and all the region round was in the deepest affliction at the catastrophe, and the heavy loss sustained.

I need not depict to you the virtues and the graces of John Maunson. He was one of the most affectionate, loving, magnetic persons I ever knew, and had one of the most charming homes at Gateshead into which I ever entered. With what warmth of heart and cordiality of expression were Harry, and Frank, and I welcomed by him and his dear family in July last! how generous and elegant was the hospitality extended to us! how his loving nature overflowed towards us! how happy he was in getting up the grand reception given to me by the citizens in the Assembly Rooms! and with what feeling and pathos did he express himself, as the presiding officer on the occasion, in introducing me to the audience! His face had almost an angelic radiance about it.

On the 22d of October, he and his wife came to Manchester, to meet me at the great Temperance meeting held in the Free Trade Hall that evening, and the next day to give me the parting hand and the farewell benediction prior to my embarkation at Liverpool for "home, sweet home." I entreated them to come over to Boston next summer, if possible; and, had his life been spared, it is not improbable that they would have done so. But it was destined to be otherwise. There is no alleviation of sorrow, in such a bereavement, except in the clear conviction that

"There is no death—what seems so is transition," and that our beloved Manson "still lives," with all his faculties and powers, and now stands on a higher plane of existence, in full activity of divine love.

I presume you will not fail to write a sympathetic letter to Mrs. Manson, for you knew his worth to the full. He has left five daughters, but no son.

I see, by your statement, that you are lecturing much oftener than prudence warrants at your time of life. Ease off a little, I pray you, no matter how pressing may be the invitations to speak.

Your description of the diabolical spirit and purpose of the Democratic party towards the colored population will apply to every part of the country. It is the party of barbarism, of brutality, of the most hateful and wicked ostracism, at war with God and Nature, with Christ and Freedom, and under the absolute guidance of "the prince of the power of the air," if that means Satan, alias the Devil. It is a party to be as much denounced as any combination of conspirators against God and the right that was ever organized on earth. Should it speedily obtain the ascendancy in the nation, that it will proceed to the perpetration of all manner of outrages upon the rights and immunities of the colored race cannot

be doubted. But God reigns, and
who of us shall despair?

We continue well at home.
All the family send kindest remem-
brances to you. Fanny writes that
she hopes to be with us by the first of
June.

I see that Bishop Hopkins, of
Vermont, is dead, the unblushing ad-
vocate of slavery to the last. The
earth can spare him, but I pity
the spirit-land!

I saw Dora this forenoon,
in very good spirits and health.
She had just received a letter from
dear Thompson, stating that he was
in better health than he had been since
he left Calcutta.

Yours, for peace, liberty,
and universal righteousness,

H. C. W.

W. L. G.